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Presbyterian, Fayetteville—no regular services; Sunday school at 8 A. M.

Methodist—services every Sabbath at 10:30 and at night; Rev. P. A. Sowell, pastor.

Cumberland Presbyterian—services every Sabbath 10:30 and at night; Rev. W. G. Templeton, pastor; Sunday school at 8 o'clock.

Union Church, Pleasant Plains—services 1st Sabbath each month at 11 A. M. and at night by the Methodist, Rev. W. B. Lowry and P. L. Carpenter; 2nd and 4th Sabbath each month at 11 by the Associate Reformed Presbyterian, Rev. J. B. Mose, pastor. Methodist Sunday school at 9.

A. H. Presbyterian, Love services 1st and 3rd Sabbath at 11; Bethel, 2nd and 4th Sabbath at 11; Liberty, 1st and 3rd Sabbath at 11; and at night by the Methodist, Rev. W. H. Mose, pastor; Sunday school at 9.

District, Mulberry—services 1st Sabbath each month at 11; Rev. W. H. Mose, pastor.

Cumberland Presbyterian, Mulberry—services 1st Sabbath each month at 11 and at night; Rev. W. G. Templeton, pastor.

United Presbyterian, Lincoln—services every Sabbath at 11:15 A. M.; Rev. David Stran, pastor; Sunday school at 10.

Liberty Grove—services 1st and 3rd Sabbath at 11 A. M.; Rev. T. L. Darnell, pastor in charge.

Methodist, Shady Grove, (Shelton's creek)—services 1st and 3rd Sabbath each month at 11 o'clock; Rev. M. R. Tucker, pastor in charge.

Cumberland Presbyterian, Sulphur Springs—services 1st and 3rd Sabbath at 11 o'clock; Rev. W. H. Mose, pastor.

Methodist, Oak Hill—services 1st Sabbath each month at 10 A. M.; T. L. Darnell, pastor in charge.

THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE,

Established December 15th, 1850.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

[Proprietor.]

FAYETTEVILLE, TENNESSEE: THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1880.

VOL. XXVII—NO. 11.

The Vigilantes of Fifty-Six.

Several columns of the *Indianapolis Journal* are taken up with interview with Mr. C. L. Divine, the foreman of the composing room of that paper, on the situation of San Francisco and the state of things that prevailed there in 1856. Mr. Divine believes in coincidences, and began the conversation by remarking that he named Denis Kearney and his sand-lot hysenas to keep up their howling until the 14th of next May, which it seems will be the twenty-fourth anniversary of the culminating one of a long series of deeds of robbery and blood which led to the formation of the famous San Francisco vigilance committee of 1856.

At a theater one night in 1856 General Richardson, a United States marshal, looked long and earnestly through his opera glass at a beautiful and wealthy courtisan named Bella Cora. The woman was offended, and told her man, a gambler named Cora, that she would not be satisfied until he had killed Richardson. The gambler and the marshal met at a drinking place, and the latter, being taxed with the insult, apologized. The apology was accepted and the two drank together in token of friendship; but they had no sooner passed outside of the saloon than Cora shot Richardson dead. Cora was arrested and put in jail by Sheriff David Seannell, a notorious New York ruffian; but there were no hopes that he would be brought to trial. The excitement following this murder would have died away, but directly thereafter—on the 14th day of May—James King of William, editor of the *Bulletin*, which had declared war on the ruffians, was killed by Jim Casey, who had been denounced by King as a graduate of Sing Sing. Casey, who gave himself up to his friend the sheriff, apparently having little fear of punishment, became the jail companion of Cora.

The news of that murder brought all of San Francisco to its feet. Business houses were closed, and merchants, mechanics, the best citizens of every class, came out in the streets. There were men speaking at nearly every street corner, urging that the time had come for the people to take the law into their own hands. Mr. Divine made his first and last speech on this occasion, at the corner of Merchant and Montgomery streets. At the close of the speech he was told that he was wanted at a large warehouse on Sanson street, and going there, with others, he registered his name as one of the vigilance committee and took his number, which was 2,895. The next morning all the papers except the *Herald*, printed by John Nugent (whose death, by the way, is just announced), denounced the killing of King. The *Herald* was the leading democratic paper of the Pacific coast and its advertising patronage was enormous; but it lost its power and patronage in a day and appeared thereafter as an 8x10 sheet, the organ of the ruffians, who were known, oddly enough, as the "law and order" party.

The vigilantes met in a large hall the next two or three nights, elected officers, and were divided into regiments. No man was called by name; each had his number. The force soon numbered six thousand men and was composed of cavalry, artillery, mounted riflemen, and infantry. Nobody knew who the leader was; he was simply known as "Thirty-three." A large building in Sanson street was soon occupied, in which were cells, a court-room, storage-rooms for arms, etc. It was thoroughly guarded at every point. On the ground were sandbag embankments, and there were four cannon upon the roof, while numerous pieces of artillery were pointed down from the roofs of adjacent buildings. There were six thousand stand of small arms and thirty cannon. A sloop loaded with arms was sent from San Francisco to the law and order party, but was seized by the vigilantes. A large bell was placed on the quarters in Sanson street, and when three taps were sounded every vigilante was to come instantly to the committee rooms. Governor Johnson declared the vigilantes rebels and insurrectionists, but was powerless to stop them. Many of the thieves and other scoundrels fled through the work of the vigilantes had hardly begun. On Sunday, May 8, 1859,

three taps were sounded in the bell on the roof of the committee rooms, and the vigilantes came to headquarters, 3,000 strong. They were completely organized and fully armed. Everybody understood what was going to happen as two companies marched to the jail. Sheriff Seannell at first refused to give up Casey and Cora, whose surrender was demanded, but finally did so. These men were immediately brought to trial in the court room of the vigilantes. They were allowed witnesses and counsel, and the trial was conducted with fairness, except that all technicalities were ruled out. No names were used in this trial, the judge, jury and officers of the court being designated by numbers. The mistress of Cora offered a reward of \$100,000 to the man who should save the life of that person, but to no avail. Mr. Divine says:

On the 22d day of May, Casey and Cora, after a fair trial, were hanged from the windows of the committee rooms. A beam of wood projected from above each of the two windows, from which dangled a rope. A plank was at the foot of each of the two windows, and on each plank stood a condemned man—Casey on one, Cora on the other. They were not blindfolded. The funeral of King took place the same day. It was passing down Montgomery street just as the final arrangements in the tragedy in which these two men formed the awful central figures were being completed. As the hearse crossed Sanson street, standing on the boards at the windows, their heads in the noose, they could plainly see the sombre vehicle as it drew its dreaded length along. As it crossed the street and receded from sight, the boards fell from beneath their feet. As a stroke of retributive justice, I hardly think that can be excelled.

Among others arrested by the vigilantes was Yankee Sullivan, the prizefighter, who committed suicide in his cell. Two other men were hanged—Brace, a hackman, known to be guilty of fourteen murders, and Hethington, who killed Dr. Randall, and who was arrested by the vigilantes before he had turned away from his victim. The case of United States Judge Terry is recalled. A man named Hopkins was ordered by "thirty-three" to arrest an old offender, and was interfered with by Terry while making the arrest. Terry finally stabbed Hopkins in the neck, and was immediately arrested by the vigilantes, who retained control of him until Hopkins' recovery, though the place was threatened with bombardment by a United States war vessel. Terry will be remembered as the wretch who afterward shot Senator David Broderick in a duel—as deliberate and cold-blooded a murderer as was ever perpetrated.

All this was twenty-four years ago, and Mr. Divine looks for a repetition of the bloody scenes of that period; but it is quite likely that the recent election in San Francisco will make the reorganization of the vigilantes unnecessary.

A Novel Question of Law.

Is a murderer entitled to the property of his victim, should that victim have made a will in his favor? This question, according to Vice-Chancellor Martins, has never been tested under English law. The circumstances which have now brought it to trial are remarkable enough. In July, 1876, a man named De Tourville murdered his wife in the Austrian Tyrol, in such a manner that he hoped to divert suspicion from himself. He was, however, tried and found guilty by the Austrian court, and sentenced to death, though eventually the sentence was commuted on appeal, to eighteen years imprisonment. The next of kin to Mme. De Tourville now contend that her husband could derive no benefit from a bequest which he himself had given effect to, for that the man was guilty of killing his wife there is no doubt whatever, and equally little that he murdered her because he knew that her will, failing children, had been made in his favor. At the expiration of eighteen years he will, unless a decision to the contrary should be given, come into the enjoyment of the money for the sake of which he hurried the unfortunate woman over the precipice, according to the finding of two Austrian courts.

Poetry.

The Old Mill.

Here from the hill of the brow I look,
Through the lattice of boughs and leaves
On the old gray mill with its gambrel roof,
And the moss on its rotting eaves.
I hear the chatter that jars its walls,
And the rushing water's sound,
And I see the black floats rise and fall
As the wheel goes slowly round.

I rode there often when I was young,
With my grist on the horse before,
And talked with Nellie, the miller's girl,
As I waited my turn at the door.
And while she tossed her ringlets brown,
And flirted and chatted so free,
The wheel might stop, or the wheel might go,
It was all the same to me.

Twice twenty years since last I stood
On the spot where I stood to-day,
And Nellie is dead, and the miller is dead,
And the mill and I are gray.
But both, till we fall into ruin and wreck,
To our fortune of toil are bound;
And the man goes and the stream flows,
And the wheel moves slowly round.

A Spring-Time Romance.

How a Stern "Parent" Treated His Daughter's Lovers.

Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

It is moonlight on the hill.
From out the trees a gentle zephyr creeps to rob the hyacinth of its perfumed breath, and adown the garden walk the whippoorwill lends his monotone of sadness unto the balmy night. Sleep, with brooding wings, sits silent o'er the scene. But hark! It is the tinkling guitar strummed by the lonely Augusta. He comes, beneath the vine-clad window in the ghostly gloaming he pauses, and the flower-trellised wall he shoots a melancholy tenor fraught with the passionate inquiry, "Must I leave thee here alone?" No answer returns save the haunting echo of the low clicking of a distant door. The scene changes.

It is the back-yard tableau. A white-robed old man bends above a chained dog and soothes his too eager spirit as he loosens the collar. A low voice says: "See-cek him, Bull; take a short-cut round the rose-bush." A flash—and the old man is alone. The clatter of a fallen guitar comes from the front; a sound like the rush of a steeple-chase nearing a hedge is borne back, and neck and neck two figures cross the picket fence to disappear down the dim perspective of the deserted street. Then the old man meets Bull as he returned on the outer walk, and removes in a discouraged manner a dark object from his foaming mouth, while the animal returns to his kennel in silence. The door opens and shuts upon the white-robed form, and all is still again. But as he gets in bed and shoves the old lady's feet out of the warm place he mutters: "Bull is gittin' old; sermades don't pay dividends like they used to; but if the business keeps up I think you will be justified in starting another patch-work quilt, Maria. That last fellow left real cassumer." "What sort sample did you get?" "Tolerable fair. There was a long strip with a pistol-pocket hangin' to it, and one gallas buttin'."

Historical Snow Storms.

Snow storms have more than once played an important part in history. At Towton, the decisive battle of the war of the roses, the Lancastrian soldiers, having the snow driven in their faces by a strong wind, fell upon each other by mistake and were easily routed. In one of the numerous wars between Denmark and Sweden, the Danes encamped a Swedish fortress at night by means of the snow that had drifted against the wall. One of the Jacobite nobles, condemned after the rising of 1715, was saved by a snow storm which delayed the arrival of the death warrant for two days, during which time his friends contrived his escape. Napoleon's column of attack at Eylau, in 1807, which should have fallen upon the Russian flank was so blinded by the flying snow as to come out right in front of the great central battery, and was almost exterminated. The same cause occasioned the French defeat at Pultusk a month earlier; while the destruction of the British army by the Afghans, in 1852, was materially aided by a snowfall which blocked the passes several fathoms deep, rendering any help from India impossible.

A good many of the promising young men of the times are only promising to settle their bills, and yet "there's nothing in it."

A Texas Story.

Texas preachers are said to be very eccentric, and their mild unattractiveness has given rise to a great many remarks and a few stories. The following narrative was told to us confidentially by a slandering:

A minister arose before a large audience, took his text and began preaching. A brisk firing of pistols began on the outside of the church.

"Brother Deacon," said the minister, "I believe those fellows are casting insinuations at me. In fact, I am very nearly convinced," he continued, as a piece of plastering fell from the wall close to his head.

"I think, parson, that it refers to some one else," replied the Deacon.

The minister raised a tumbler of water, and was in the act of applying it to his lips, when the glass fell, shattered by a shot.

"This is an innuendo no longer," said the minister, wiping the water from his vest. "This is what I term an unmistakable thrust. The congregation will please sing while I go out and investigate this matter. Is there another preacher in the house?"

"Yes," said a man, throwing down a stick on which he had been whittling, arising and pulling at the waist of his pants like a man who had just straightened up after setting out a row of tobacco across a broad field.

"Got an extra?"

"Yes."

"Unlumber." The whittling preacher handed over a large Remington pistol, which the preacher took and drawing one from his own belt started out. After going out there was an immediate improvement in the firing business. It was decidedly more lifelike, inasmuch that the deacons sat working their fingers. After a while the minister returned, and placing an ear and the nostril and half of a nose on the pulpit, remarked: "He that hath ears to hear, let him behave himself." The sermon then proceeded without interruption.

SHREWD DETECTIVE WORK.

One of the Tricks by Which Police Officers are Duped.

London Sporting News.

A man was wanted by the police, and his skill in the arts of "making up" and dodging his would-be captors was so considerable that for a long time he escaped detection. At length a clever detective was put on his track, and first of all he began to inquire about his associates. One of the most intimate of them was, it appeared, a certain young woman, and about her he first of all found out every thing. He had reason to suspect that she was acquainted with the fugitive's hiding-place, so the first thing to be done was to follow her on Saturday afternoon, when she was free from her employment. An innocent young detective, in the guise of a carpenter, was told off to watch, and endeavor to strike up an acquaintance, in which design he was not very successful, though he ascertained that Kingston was her destination that afternoon.

To Kingston he went, and traced her to a house occupied by an old man, about whom the neighbors knew no more than that he was an old man. He was an elderly invalid, never went to the door, never went out, saw nobody; and how was he to be caught and examined? There was nothing known about him to justify the police in entering the house, and the detective walked round the place in company with the "carpenter," wondering what to do next. At the back of the kennel containing a big dog, or rather not containing him, for he was lying out in the sun at the end of his chain. No sign of life was visible in the house. "Jump over the wall and kick that dog," then hide behind the summer house," said the detective to the "carpenter." In a moment the young man was over the wall, and the dog was howling from the effects of a kick in the ribs. Neighboring dogs joined in the chorus, and at the window appeared the old gentleman.

No one was about; the dog continued to howl, and incautiously his owner came down the garden to see what was the matter. Beneath the well-made gray wig the detective's keen eyes recognized the object of his search, and in a moment the arrest was made.

The young man who wants to get up with the sun must not sit up too late with the daughter.

The Story of a Drink.

Fort Smith (Ark.) Herald: During the war our townsman, J. P. Moore, on one occasion went out in front of our lines to give some water to a wounded Yankee, who was lying in a helpless condition upon the grounds but lately occupied by the Federal forces and from which they had recently been driven. The man was crying piteously for water, and the bullets were rattling around from both armies. Moore said he intended to risk the exposure to do the deed of mercy and went out to him. It proved to be a captain of a Pennsylvania regiment, who was profuse with thanks and offered Moore his gold watch, which the gallant Confederate declined. He begged for his name, that he might, if he survived the war, remember him. This he wrote down in his memorandum book. The captain recently wrote here to know if Moore was living; said he was rich, but dying of consumption, and desired to provide for him in his will. Mr. Moore wrote to him and received a friendly letter in reply, telling him that there was \$10,000 set apart for his use, to be paid in installments of \$2,000 each. The Federal officer has since died, and the other day the payment of \$2,000 was received. Truly, 'tis "good to give even a cup of water in the right spirit."

A Word for Boys. Truth is one of the rarest gems. Many a youth has been lost in society by allowing it to tarnish his character, and foolishly throwing it away. If this gem still shines in your bosom, suffer nothing to displace or diminish its lustre. Profanity is a mark of low breeding. Show us the man who commands much respect—an oath never trembles on his tongue. Read the catalogue of crime. Inquire the character of those who depart from virtue. Without a single exception you will find them to be profane. Think of this, and don't let a vile word disgrace you. Honesty, frankness, generosity, virtue—blessed traits! Be those yours, my boys, and I shall fear not. You are watched by your elders. Men who are looking for clerks and apprentices have their eyes on you. If you are upright, steady and industrious, before long you will find good places, kind masters, and the prospects of a useful life before you.

Portraits upon Window-Panes.

(Charlotteville (Va.) Chronicle.)

We have heretofore published an account of a portrait supposed to have been photographed by lightning on a pane of glass in an old farm-house in this county. Another instance of the same curious phenomenon has been found in the window of the Mansion House on the "Mount Eagle" farm, more generally known as the "Gentry place." The portraits of four persons are plainly discernible—two men, a woman and a child. The faces are not all on one pane, that of one the men and the woman being on adjoining glasses, the face of the child on one of the lower panes, and the theory is that the party were all looking through the window during a thunder-storm, when a sudden flash of lightning by some mysterious process, instantaneously fixed their features on the glass. The existence of the portraits are of comparatively recent discovery, and have attracted many visitors.

Still Booming.

The advance in the price of printing paper is one of the most remarkable features of the recent revival, and falls heavily upon all the newspaper men. Since November, the price has risen fully seventy-five per cent. A bill of paper that cost two hundred dollars four months ago, would now cost three hundred and fifty. Many newspaper publishers have been compelled to put up the price of subscription. No subscriber can now complain that two dollars a year is too high for a first class weekly paper. On the contrary, he will be lucky if he can continue at the old rates. This pressure upon publishers should admonish subscribers to pay in advance.

A young lady up town repels the domestic slander that she is "fluctuating." For I'm always at par—to buy me something."

The young man who wants to get up with the sun must not sit up too late with the daughter.

Sips of Fun.

Breach of promise is now regarded as contempt of court.

A kissing auction is to be held at Syracuse for charitable purposes.

The Philadelphia baby elephant has had an attack of cholera elephanta.

She looks down into the churn and softly sings, "This is the why I long have sought."

When a Louisville man says he thinks a donkey is the noblest work of heaven, the St. Louis folks say he's egotistical.

A familiar instance of color blindness is that of a man taking a brown silk umbrella and leaving a brown gingham in its place.

When a fond parent sees a boy walk through a gateway instead of climbing the fence, he is worried for fear the lad isn't quite himself.

The Boston Globe says that arsenic always has been and always will be the favorite poison with which wives make widows of themselves.

When a ghost in Georgia steals sheep, the farmers may not doubt its being supernatural, but they lay for it with shot-guns all the same.

A boy aged 15 of Columbus county, N. C. was bitten on the wrist by a black spider, and he died in a few minutes. The bite was on a vein.

A man under the doctor's care is called a "patient." The man who got up this language of ours was a miserable blacksmith at the business.

Notwithstanding all the modern improvements of husbandry, the matrimonial harvest is still gathered with the cradle and thrashed by hand.

Three elephants have lately been landed in this country for menageries. Each one will start out as "the only elephant ever born in this country."

Mosby writes from Hong Kong that Virginia will go for Grant. He took good care to put a long distance between him and the insulted Virginians.

The Arab horse is not broken until his fourth year. That's where they differ from tea-cups. But then Arab horses are not washed by the average kitchen girl.

Never advise another with regard to investments. If he wins you get no thanks—if he loses you will get all the blame. Give "points," if you must, but no advice.

"Is your wife's name Margaret?" asked the hired man. "No," said the farmer; "Margy's short for oleomargarine, and I calls her that 'cause I don't love any but her."

A junior was heard to remark on a recent Sunday, after Professor—had preached an eloquent sermon: "That was a splendid sermon. Gad! A hundred and eight single gestures and thirteen double!"

The Universalist and Unitarian papers are having a rather sarcastic debate as to which denomination has done most to abolish hell. Perhaps, remarks the Golden Rule, they had better wait and see how it turns out.

Bob Ingersoll wants to know what he shall do to be saved. Say, Bob, get right down on your marrow bones and frankly tell the Lord that you are not half so bad as your neighbors. That's the way a great many have fetched it.

He entered the grocery store and said not a word, but allowed his cane to swing to and fro exactly as the pendulum of a clock. The grocer said, "We sell nothing on tick," and the man with the cane passed sadly and silently out.

The following message, intended to break the bad news gently, was sent to the widow of a man who had just been killed by a railroad accident: "Dear Madam: Your husband is unavoidably detained for the present. To-morrow an undertaker will call upon you with the full particulars."

The coming summer hat for women is to be of straw. It will be trimmed with strips of sheet tin, turkey wings, old fruit cans and debris generally. It is an economical kind of hat, as it can be made by taking a boy's old straw hat, running a wheel-barrow over it a few times and hitching on whatever comes handy.

If one class amongst us more than another is personally interested in the suppression of intemperance, it is surely the women of our country. As we recall the scenes of domestic wretchedness, the heartless neglect, the pining want, the brutal violence, to say nothing of the many brutal murders in cold blood, which almost daily are brought to light by the public press, as the doings of drunken husbands and fathers, we must believe there are, behind all those experiences of untold woe which are known only to the silent sufferers and the all-seeing One. The fortitude and the enduring patience with which these trials have often been borne, are amazing, and only add to the claims which the sufferers have upon the heartfelt sympathy of every right feeling mind. Earnestly could we desire that these might know the power of Divine Grace to sustain them under their burdens, and give them that measure of wisdom from above which they so greatly need, in feeling with the wanderers and fallen ones. Those of their sex who have happily been spared such afflictions, should remember their sisters in adversity, and may be stirred up to use every right effort for their relief.

In social life they have it in their power to discountenance, if not abolish, many of what are known as the drinking usages of society, which have so often proved the means of leading step by step, to habitual intemperance, while they have many times seriously hindered the poor inebriate who, in weakness, is struggling against his besetting sin. As mothers, we need only remind them of the tender, but most responsible charge that has been committed to their keeping; the importance of early impressions received at a mother's hands, and the value of a mother's prayers. As the teachers of a very large proportion of the young children of our country, may they wisely employ the golden opportunity thus offered for imbuing the minds of their pupils with a deep sense of the degrading effects of intemperance, as well as the delusive character of those allurements which they must shortly meet. Thus fortified may we not hopefully believe that multitudes from among the children of to-day will be training to take their position ere long in that great work of reform, to which, we trust, the rising generation will be found devoting its best energies.

For many and strong reasons, we therefore feel that women are called to exert their influence, which is so powerful for good or evil, in giving a higher tone to public sentiment upon a subject in which they are deeply interested. We cannot but believe that it is mainly for want of fully appreciating the latent power which they hold, that the influence of female minds and hearts has not been more largely felt in this direction. Should this be wisely put forth, as we trust it may yet be, in dealing with one of the most alarming problems of our day, the results for good, under the Divine blessing, can scarcely be overestimated.

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by THE GOOD TEMPLARS OF HULBERT.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

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